

## MORE FALL BUILDING IS ARCHITECT'S HOPE

Prominent Magazine Looks Forward to Stabilization of Prices. Cites a Barometer.

## FUTURE OF MORE IMPORT

New Method of Securing Funds for Building Churches Is Watched With Much Interest.

Due to the fact that the building material prices still are not stabilized there has been little hope for immediate building conditions among architects and builders this week, generally more inclined to assume a more hopeful attitude with regard to the autumn construction, states the American Architect. As one prominent architect this week expressed it, "There seems to be a decided lack of interest in the future of building."

Particular interest was shown in construction work on a case-a-mile scale. Reports from nearly every building material producer yesterday morning noted that the market situation, though not yet definitely settled, had improved, and builders this week generally were inclined to assume a more hopeful attitude with regard to the autumn construction, states the American Architect. As one prominent architect this week expressed it, "There seems to be a decided lack of interest in the future of building."

The policy being followed with reference to building material supplies is the same as exists in the price situation, that the future such as the present is considered of prime importance. While looking for an answer to a question put to him by a reporter, an architect said, "The long awaited building boom cannot be far off."

The growing scarcity of labor also is a factor that must receive serious consideration. There is a genuine shortage throughout the country and one that shows no prospect of diminution. The exodus of foreign workers, notably Greeks and Italians, who perform this character of skilled building labor goes steadily on and there appears to be no increase of similar immigration to take their place.

The collapse of the Boston police strike with the refusal of Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts to recommend the reinstatement of the strikers has disclosed a condition in the field of labor that is one of the most disquieting elements that has led to the formation of a situation not quite so pressing economically than that of six weeks ago. Unless some drastic action is taken to prevent the insidious propaganda of labor agitators reaching the police forces of the United States there is a greater danger to public security than any consideration of economic stabilization.

Architects all over the country, and particularly those in the smaller communities, are watching with great interest a new method of financing the building of churches which is being tried out in certain sections where there has been difficulty in obtaining sufficient funds to enable construction to proceed, states the Architect. So far results have been highly satisfactory, and the method has received general approval where bids have been accepted and the work of breaking ground has been commenced through the issuing of this new type of church bonds.

One example in particular is worthy of comment in that it perhaps will best explain how the method may be more successfully worked out. In New York City, the combining of two churches, the First and Second Dutch Reformed at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., made it necessary that a new place of worship be erected to meet the needs of an enlarged congregation. Both of the old churches had become, through years of service, inadequate to meet the needs of the congregation, and land was purchased in a rapidly developing section of the city, but when it was decided to build it was found that subscriptions from the members were not large enough to enable building.

The project remained in this dormant state until the close of the war, when it was realized by an amateur of the committee, a prominent banker, decided to appeal to the congregation for money, with a new plan.

He asked members to turn in their liberty bonds for church bonds, which would pay the per cent more interest. For instance, if the government bonds were of 4 percent, the church bonds would be 5 percent.

The plan was prompt re-

ceived, he got 5 percent.

bonds were soon collected, so the committee got a loan sufficient to allow the work to go promptly toward conclusion.

Other cities are having satisfactory results, and the new financial plan with judiciously planned, and many other communities where difficulty is attending loans for new construction is being examined.

## TWO BIG LABOR BILLS GIVE ENGLAND HOPE

Lloyd George Looks to P-Rome and Minimum Wage Measures to Strengthen Social Fabric.

London, Sept. 27.—Parliament this afternoon passed bill and the measures to establish a minimum wage in all trades come into English Government's pillars to strengthen the social fabric of the nation. The measures are based on recommendations of a committee of the National Council of Trade Unions, which was appointed at the premier's insistence.

The 48-hour week measure provides that working hours in all industries, except agricultural, domestic, service, seaman, or members of an employed family, shall not be more than 48 hours, exclusive of overtime. The new minimum wage will be applied to members of any police force or army, navy, or air force members, but shall include all other state employees.

Any hours worked in excess of the 48-hour week must be paid for as overtime, which in no case shall be less than one and one-half times the normal rate.

The minimum wage bill is designed to guarantee a decent standard of living. The preamble of the bill declares "It is evident that minimum rates of wages should be fixed for all persons 14 years old and upward."

## SOLDIER'S MAIL

By Alan Burbury

They had packed him up again, of course, but he had given his coat to a man, and the last time he had given his coat to another, suffering terrible pain and finally became unconscious. As he went to France, then everything kept so mixed he gave it up. The spinning through some hours had caused him again and gave him something to ease his pain. Again she took his pulse and knew he was dead. He moaned again, then sat up.

At the first dressing station they did what they could. They washed and dressed him in the hospital, and the doctor said, "He's got to be sent back to the front." He was one of the fighting for some time. That was a terrible journey, a real hell of a road, but as he got further away from the road and track and ocean of the battlefield he grew weaker. It seemed to him to have pain in his muscles and bones. To be sure the crop had not been a very full one but the flavor of the vegetables seemed to be unpassed. Then the baby came. It seemed that there was nothing left in the world to be wished for. He was full to overflowing with happiness.

With hundreds of others he was placed on one of the barges that went down the canal to a clearing station, each carrying wounded from the front to the hospitals. Often as they passed along, women would call out to them from the barge. The canal was miles across and they would throw oranges and apples and candies to the soldiers.

One day a man voice shouting "Hail, Harvard." He wanted to stop and sing with him, but he seemed powerless and the desire was gone almost as soon as it came.

But at last the journey ended. The wounds in his poor, wasted body were dressed and the rough movement of the boat caused him to sleep again. As the days went by he regained a little of his strength, but life seemed to hold no interest for him. This caused no anxiety for short while. Daily his temperature and pulse were taken and recorded on the chart. For four days it had been perfectly normal, but the fifth record showed a change, a slight, ill-made appearance on the pulse line. One hundred and one a minute.

That was too fast. Nurse Hooper spoke to the doctor about it as she met him just outside the ward.

"That patient at the end of the ward," Corporal Winston doesn't seem so well this morning," the nurse has been camped and he seems very uncomfortable.

"I'll be around in half an hour," the doctor replied, "and see what the trouble is."

The nurse went back to her charge. She wrote on a cold compress and placed it on Winston's head and after straitening the bed clothes.

Winston was uncomfortable. He tossed about upon his soft though every move caused him pain. He opened his eyes wide. Where was he? He and who were all those women up there? He gazed intently at the ceiling of the ornate room that was now one of the wards of an American base hospital. In former days it had been a fastidious home. There was an abundance of silver and gilt on the ceilings and walls and cupids pranced about and shot golden tipped arrows at smiling ladies who were not much more warmly clad than the naughty ones themselves.

Now he knew, this must be class day. Five years ago he had graduated when he had never missed a year.

His attendance at the June festivities at Cambridge. Of course, there was Helen his wife. And that little girl there beside her must be his son. He sat up in bed and called out, "Helen!"

The doctor seemed perturbed. His arm and leg seemed to be doing well. There was no question of the extent of his injuries but he had probably been exposed to terrible shellfire and his nerves were shattered. There was nothing for the nurse to do but continue as she had been doing.

The nurse had been very good to him. Corporal Winston. Women had always been good to him. Physically he had been a picture specimen of health, tall and fit in his stocky, well built. He had thick wavy hair red he called it, but it was really a reddish brown that shone on the sun like gold. The tan that he had gained by life in the sun was wearing off in the shelter of the hospital and showing the fair white skin that contrasted with the tawny tan of his face. But the boy who dared to call him that was found that when it came to fighting he was no "boy." His features were regular and his teeth wonderfully white. He had not had many sweethearts. He had often told his wife that he was something of a flirt about his own attractions. He had not been from afar, rather than from a reef.

It was in his senior year at college that he had met Helen. As he lay there on his cot Winston began to think about those days. She had come east from Chicago to spend the winter with her mother. Her mother had been absent. Coming around the corner the same day he had not only brought with her but had come to see her. With a smile she helped him up and his innocent little face was being assisted by one of the comings who was fortunately in his room. However, she was very serious and was probably in the room now by this time.

He thought perhaps he might

run across you over there. Poor Helen, he failed to get to her.

After Helen went home Winston found his days very long and tiresome. There was nothing he could do but sit by his fire and read books. He lost his appetite and took little interest in anything that was going on around him. Actors and actresses, comedians and musicians of world fame came to entertain the men but he paid no attention to them. He seemed weary in thought as though he might be desiring the events of his whole future life. The cause for his symptoms were not unknown. He was white not worried about his health, white not worried about his wife, white not worried about his son, white not worried about his mother.

She accused her. She felt a cold, cold feeling all over her as though every muscle was contracted.

"It just came to you. It is from somewhere else, I can't tell," Corporal Winston almost sobbed as he lay in his bed.

Mrs. Winston turned the letter over and read the last page then she went back to the beginning. For a few moments there was no sound save the low-voiced murmur as he looked at the dancing balloons.

He lay back in his chair.

"I am afraid I am going to die," he said.

"You know I only knew one other man about your age that died."

"You made a little speech though we could not hear it truly. You were a good man, full of love and overflowing compassion."

She turned the letter over and pointed to the last page near the bottom. "Read that."

A postscript had been added:

Corporal Winston is slightly deaf.

"I have to write this to you because I have done so just now."

"I am sorry I did not write to you sooner."

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